

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Heart Of The Brave

O Sacred Heart!
I love Thee for Thy gentleness, displayed
In infant smiles, upon Thy bed of straw,
When shepherds knelt to Thee in wondering awe;
When Angels, in the splendrous heavens arrayed,
In myriad song their rapturous homage paid.

O Sacred Heart!
I love Thee in Thy tenderness, Thy charm,
When stretching out Thy hand, with eyes aglow
With yearning sympathy for mankind's woe,—
O Alchemist divine!—Thou changedst various harm
To health and joy and smiles and sunshine warm.

O Sacred Heart!
Yes, too, I love Thee for thy love-borne pain
Amid the shadows of the garden cave,
When sorrows surged o'er Thee like ocean wave,
And panting,—God in agony!—Thou fain
Wouldst let an angel soothe Thy reeling brain.

But most, O Sacred Heart!
I love Thee for Thy dauntless bravery,
When dogged from step to step by cunning foe,—
When e'en Thine own to trust in Thee were slow,—
When woes rained thick and red on Calvary,—
When drop for drop, Thou gav'st Thy Blood for me.

O poor, my heart!
How fast it thrills, when in it Thou dost rest!
On, on, I tread,—though red the path I trace;
On, on,—though grim the Calv'ry I must face;
On, on—a new, brave Heart within my breast
Anneals my spirit for each fiery test.

Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

SOME RESULTS OF SECULAR EDUCATION.

Sow irreligion and you will reap crime. It needs no prophet peering over the brink of time into the shadowy abyss of the future, to tell us what will be the result of bringing up 700,000 children (and children of the tropics too) under a system that "respects all religions and teaches none", and which provides that "no public money or property shall ever be applied for the use, benefit, or support of any system of religion". In the one province of Cebu, from which Mr. Howard Long, with the catch-cries of "Democracy, Liberty, and Progress", would apparently drive all Christian teaching, there were in the space of one month recently as many as 18 murders. A little more religion, and a little less of a peculiar brand of "liberty", might have saved some of these lives.

Other instances of appalling crime are not lacking. Within a few months more than twenty suicides or frustrated suicides were registered in the General Hospital of Manila. "All but four of these suicides," writes Dr. Musgrave, the Director of the hospital, "were persons under twenty-one years of age, and nearly fifty per cent of them were students." (*Manila Daily Bulletin.*)

Another sign of the times is, that immorality has become such a menace in Manila, that the Mayor of the city has ordered all dancing saloons to be closed. And just as these pages are being written the immorality of the state schools is being openly and fiercely denounced in the Manila press. An extract from one editorial will be sufficient to show how fast the children of the tropics, once they are cut loose from the moorings of religion, are drifting into a sea of ruin. The editor of the *Free Press* (an American) thus writes:

"There are many things which grow luxuriantly in the tropics, and among them—immorality. Here in the metropolis the conduct of some of our highest officials is the talk of the town: and in some of the provinces * * *

"The young, ever prompt to profit by the example of their elders, seem to be following their instruction, and especially do we hear scandalized comment on the manner in which many of the boys and girls of the public schools are conducting themselves. Only this week an old British resident said it was becoming disgusting and nauseating, and he made reference to holding hands in the street cars, going out to

the Luneta beach after school hours and staying there until dark and after, and to a number of other lovey-dovey affairs he had witnessed of late, all in public. In some of the New England States such exhibitions would be apt to lead to a year or two in a reformatory, and in a number of American cities there is a curfew law providing that no girls under a certain age be allowed on the streets after a certain hour without a parent or guardian.

"Recently a bureau of education order was issued with a view to separating the sexes in the public schools. In addition to that, however, there is need of looking after the boys and girls when they leave the schools after class hours. And in this matter the parents might help somewhat by taking their erring daughters home and giving them a good spanking and putting them to bed.

"In connection with its recent reform there is another the bureau of education might introduce, and that is that there be no love making or sentimental nonsense between teachers in or about the school room. From all we hear there is much need of a more austere standard of conduct among many of the teachers, whose influence, naturally, can be most pernicious."

Perhaps more significant than any editor's note of warning is an article written by a student on student-life, and published by the same *Free Press* (September 1st, 1917). The editor of the *Press* describes it as "the best article ever written on the Filipino student." He tells us in a prefatory note that the writer is only a High school graduate, that he has been teaching in a private school, and that he is a "voracious and omnivorous reader." It was scarcely necessary to say that the writer was a "voracious and omnivorous reader." His article bears all the marks of his being such.*

*The modern general reader who fills his mind with ill-digested facts, "with loads of learned lumber," but whose mind is often quite untrained, is easily recognized. The type is met with in all other countries as well as in the Philippines. In fact it is becoming so common that it is well to recall George Eliot's brilliant description of it. Few people having read the description of this type will fail to recognize it; and recognizing it, will not be easily misled by it: "For the most part the general reader of the present day does not exactly know what distance he goes: he only knows that he does not go 'too far' * * * He is fond of what may be called disembodied opinions that float in vapoury phrases above all systems of thought and action; he likes an undefined Christianity which opposes itself to nothing in particular, an undefined education of his people, an undefined amelioration of all things; in fact he likes sound views, nothing extreme but something between the excesses of the past and the excesses of the present.

"This modern type of general reader may be known in conversation by the

This young writer seems to find fault with the Catholic church for being "rigid", and with its members for being "dyed-in-the-wool" Catholics. This objection to the Catholic Church has such vogue among people who do not take the trouble to look below the surface of things, that it is worth while nailing it down occasionally when it appears.

The Catholic Church is of course "rigid". Medical doctors, too, are "rigid" and mathematicians and geometricians, and hosts of others who have to deal with concrete facts and truth. And doctors will continue to prescribe most "rigidly" in drachms and grains, and two and two will continue with the utmost "rigidity" to make four, and the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle with equal obstinacy will continue equal, and in the same manner the Catholic Church will continue to teach lessons of her Divine Master, when the thousand and one modern philosophic theories and their authors are forgotten.

The programme of the Church was laid down by the Master long ago: "Go ye and preach the gospel to all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." To preach the whole gospel, all the lessons of Jesus—may appear "rigid" to those who like only "an undefined Christianity which opposes itself to nothing in particular", but it is a "rigidity" that will last until the end of time.

But to return to our *Free Press* writer whose remarks called forth this digression—he gives a description of Spanish-speaking and English-speaking students which is curious and interesting. He writes:

cordiality with which he assents to indistinct, blurred statements: say that 'black is black', he will shake his head and hardly think it; say that 'black is not so very black', he will reply 'exactly' * * * His only bigotry is a bigotry against a clearly defined opinion, not in the least based on scientific scepticism, but belonging to a lack of coherent thought, a spongy texture of mind that gravitates strongly to nothing. The one thing he is staunch for is the utmost liberty of private haziness."

The Filipino writer whose article recalled this description is not to be blamed if he has not risen above the ordinary general reader. He has profited much apparently by the education he has received. He is typical however of the "general reader", when the said reader takes to writing. His article glitters with literary phrases, and his style is good, remarkably good for a foreigner; but the thought is shallow. His reasons like Gratiano's "are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have found them they are not worth the search." In a word, when he comes forward as a witness to facts he is well worth reading: when he begins to theorise on education and on religion he fits in completely with George Eliot's description just given.

"That tall, bright-eyed Spanish student, clad in his silk coat, silk necktie, his 'tango' shoes and woolen hat, bound for school with his 'preceptos Literarios' or his 'Gonzales' tucked up under his arm, and then that smart looking English student, 'High School,' walking with brisk gait, dressed in a Palm Beach suit cut *á la Anglais (sic)* with black shoes and stylish straw hat, with a *tout ensemble* pleasing to the eye, from top to toe a perfect type of *bon ton*, and with his Euclid or Composition book carried under his arm—oftentimes these two eye each other askance . . . as they pass each other on their way to school."

When, as has been said already, the writer leaves off theorising and giving rather fanciful descriptions, and tells us about the students' religion, bearing witness to the hard facts that he comes in contact with in his everyday life—it is then that his article is of very real value; and because of its bearing on educational problems in the Philippines this part of his article is well worth quoting at length. Under the cross-heading "Religion" he writes as follows:

"(a) English Speaking Class.

"Possibly the most interesting phase in the development of the Filipino student under the new conditions brought about by the American advent, is found in his religious life. The religion of the English-speaking students of Manila might almost be termed 'multitudinous as the sands', and sometimes it is a queer agglomeration of a number of ill-assorted dogmas and creeds. Catholicism, Protestantism, Atheism, Agnosticism, and several other 'isms' jostle each other, now one and now the other dictating belief and action. If at the start the student was a rigid and orthodox Catholic, then he is so no longer. For with his knowledge gained in physics, metaphysics, biology, philosophy, and what not, and by reading Darwin, Huxley, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Kant, Haeckel, and Leibnitz and others of that class, his immature mind is left in a whirling chaos of uncertainty and agnosticism or 'know-nothing-ism'. He no longer has faith in the simple doctrine of his fathers [of which of course he knows next to nothing, everything touching on it being carefully excluded from his course.] And he looks on priests and preachers as so many impostors, either blind and benevolent or knowing and hypocritical. That such a condition should exist in the student mind is lamentable, especially that he should lose faith in what his parents believe, for he is apt to look down upon them and disregard all their teaching, thus bringing about a loosening of the bonds of parental authority. He may even mock at their efforts to

guide him. Analyzing this state of irreligion, it would seem that the student who has lost his early faith becomes not only a free-thinker but a nihilist. Certainly . . . his mind too often revolves in a maelstrom of gloomy materialism in which it appears that might and not right—a blind unreasoning Force, governs the world.

"However, if the student has been studying at the Silliman institute, or some other Protestant institution directed by Americans—and they are becoming fairly numerous in Manila and in the provinces—then usually he becomes a Protestant, even though born and reared a Catholic.* . . .

"If the student belong to the public schools, such as the Normal or the Manila High school, or to the university, all probabilities are, as already indicated, that at least he is very liberal in his religious views and, if he attended Church, that is largely as a matter of habit or because of the attraction of the crowd, or of the ritual, or of the fair sex, or may be all three."

(b) The Spanish-Speaking Class.

"Coming now to the Spanish-speaking student we find an entirely different state of affairs. Taught by Catholic priests . . . the Spanish-speaking student may usually be counted upon to be strongly religious, at least in so far as outward observance goes. He may be looked upon as a 'dyed-in-the-wool' member of the Catholic fold and as likely to cling trustingly to his creed, feeling quite satisfied, and harassed by no uneasy doubts. He goes to church regularly, confesses often, and takes holy communion. Good examples of such students are found in the Ateneo or the Letran college, where religious duties are obligatory. Such students believe absolutely and implicitly in the existence of God, and so deeply and firmly are their religious beliefs rooted in their mind that though they mingle with Protestants, Masons, Atheists, free-thinkers, and what not, they never show the slightest wavering or departure from the dogmas in which they have been trained. In this respect they are much better off than those who have been robbed of their religious belief, and, if they feel so, then they

*American Protestant missionary societies are certainly pouring money into the Philippines. The Silliman Institute to which reference has just been made has received \$40,000 dollars from the United States within the last two years. As pupils are taken free into these institutes they throng into them, and the faith of only too many of them is wrecked. As our writer says they become "Protestants", that is to say everyone carries his own church under his hat, and many, content with the name of Protestant, practice no religion whatever.

ought to give thanks to those Spanish or other priests who have been instrumental in grounding them so thoroughly in the faith."

Under the heading 'Amusements' the writer thus speaks of the young Filipino student in Manila:

"Usually he takes a stroll in the evening, winding up at a cinematograph where he may laugh heartily over the inimitable antics of Charlie Chaplin or Max Linder, or imagine himself madly in love with Pearl White, and sigh his soul out *à la Romeo* Occasionally he patronizes the dancing saloon, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, and indulges himself in the modern fox-trot or the one-step, usually until his pockets are empty If he does not carry away any loose change with him, he is very likely to carry away something akin to loose morality Thanks, that most of the dancing saloons and cabarets have been closed, for there is no doubt they have been the cause of many a moral and financial ruin among the students."

What a terrible indictment of secular education is contained in this brief article—"the best article ever written on the Filipino student!" Reader, recall a few points of it. "The English-speaking student," that is the product of the secular school, "has no longer faith in the doctrine of his fathers;" "his immature mind is left in a whirling chaos of uncertainty, and revolves too often in a maelstrom of gloomy materialism;" "priests and preachers he looks on as so many impostors, either blind or knowing;" "if he attends church, that is largely as a matter of habit or because of the attraction of the crowd, or the ritual, or of the fair sex;" and, finally, "he carries away with him from the dancing-saloon something akin to loose morality." The Mayor of Manila has been compelled to close these saloons. It is well, "for there is no doubt they have been the cause of many a moral and financial ruin among the students."

Scepticism, materialism, immorality, ruin! Secular education—education without God, these are thy fruits By their fruits you shall know them!

"Stand some morning near the parochial school," said a venerable American prelate on one occasion, "and feast your eyes on the little ones who are being educated for Christ."

Stand some morning (be it said here in conclusion) near one of the 5,000 Godless schools in the Philippine Islands, and watch the children as they enter, or as they turn to salute you with joy welling up

into their gentle, bright eyes—watch those children of Catholic parents as they enter the schools where the love of Jesus is never mentioned, and you must needs have an unchristian heart, if it be not shot through with a pang of pain.

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.
Opon, Cebu, Philippine Islands.

THE OUR FATHER

The *Our Father* is called also *The Lord's Prayer*, because our Lord Jesus Christ taught it to His apostles when they asked him: "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples" (Luke 11, 1). It is the best and most excellent of prayers, first, because no one can know better than our Divine Saviour, how to pray and what to pray for; secondly, the petitions of the Our Father, although short, are so comprehensive, that there is nothing that we can and may pray for, which is not included in the petitions of the Our Father; thirdly, it is so plain and simple, that not only the learned, but also the children and the illiterate can learn it and sufficiently understand its meaning; fourthly, it is the most powerful prayer, for its very words show great confidence in God and is an humble acknowledgment of our need of His assistance; fifthly, it is a prayer of love, for he who says it properly, goes to God as a loving child to his beloved father, to ask for such things as are most pleasing to Him; and, lastly, the Our Father is a prayer, so admirable and sublime in itself, that no one but God could have composed it. This consideration made so deep an impression on Count Leopold von Stolberg, a learned and pious convert, that he could not refrain from exclaiming: "Many, indeed, are the proofs of the divine mission of Jesus Christ on earth; but even if all these proofs were wanting, the Lord's Prayer alone is sufficient to prove that its Author, Jesus Christ, is the Son of God and our Redeemer. How comprehensive is the Our Father in its brevity! How sublime in its simplicity! The child recites it devoutly; the learned man searches into its depth, without ever being able to fathom it!"

ITS CONTENTS. The Our Father consists of a Preface, seven Petitions, and concludes with the word—**AMEN**, the usual conclusion adopted by the Church for all her prayers and petitions.

THE PREFACE. "Our Father, who art in heaven." The prayer, addressed to God, calls Him "Our Father". These words include an act of faith in the existence of God, in His relation to us as our Creator and Father, and in our final destiny to be forever in heaven with God our Father and there to share His happiness. This is our final end, and the petitions which follow, are intended to obtain from God all the means necessary to enable us to secure it. The preface of the Our Father teaches us several all-important truths. The first is the existence of God as Creator; the second is the spirituality and immortality of our soul, together with its dignity. Before beginning the explanation of the Our Father, let us tarry a while in the consideration of these truths.

In the first place, there is a God, who created heaven and earth and all things. The idea of God, of the Supreme Being, is natural to man. Search the annals of the nations of the earth even to the earliest and most remote ages, whether most rude or most highly cultivated, and you will find that, as Cicero, the great pagan orator and philosopher, says, "There has been no nation ever so savage and untutored, as not to believe in the existence of God". In our time, however, there are not wanting vain and conceited men of repute, some filling professional chairs in grand and well-endowed universities, scientists and certain professional men, unbelievers, ignorant of religion, eschewing logic and common sense, sneering at all belief in God and in the creation, and at all that does not accord with their preconceived views or with their unfounded, unproved and unprovable theories, who boldly say: "There is no God". And what is very deplorable, is that these men, by their bold assertions and false teaching, exercise an evil influence over the young, whose growing passions are yearning for freedom from restraint and for unlimited gratification, and they succeed in destroying in many all religious faith and practice. To counteract the influence of unbelieving teachers, and expose their errors, let us examine briefly one or the other proof of the existence of God.

The world is not self-existent, for it is composed of distinct parts which are always changing, and are governed and restricted by certain permanent laws. If the world were self-existent, it should also be independent, and could not be subject to change. Therefore, the world is contingent, that is, it depends on a contingency, for its origin and existence, and consequently, it is a dependent thing, and the effect of a

cause or being prior to it, from which it received its being, and to which it must remain subject by permanent laws. Hence there was a time when the world did not exist, and a time when it began to exist, or, in other words, when its cause produced it and gave it existence. How was this done? Did the Being that gave existence to the world, use and put together some pre-existing materials, as men put up or erect a building? The materialists tell us, that matter is eternal, that it has always existed and that it has, by or according to some intrinsic laws, gradually developed itself into the world as we now have it. But the materialists forget to tell us, whence came that eternal matter, itself inert, and its laws by which it has developed itself, in spite of its inertness. Other infidels ascribe the origin and existence of the world to chance! But chance is itself no being at all, but mere nothing, and therefore does not exist and cannot produce any being at all, however small, much less the world. What would you say, were I to tell you that St. Peter's church in Rome, that a steam-engine or a dreadnaught had come into existence by chance? You would say that I am either joking or demented. So we must say the same of those infidels who ascribe the origin and existence of the universe to chance!

God, a pure spirit, infinitely powerful, infinitely perfect, made the world. But how did He do it? Not out of pre-existing materials, for being almighty, He is not dependent on anything in His actions; He, therefore, acts and produces effects by His mere will, and needs only to will a thing, in order to bring it into existence, as the royal prophet chants of the making or creation of the universe: "He spoke, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created" (Ps. 32, 9), that is, they were made by His mere willing them.

But we cannot see God; how do we know that He exists? Because everything on the earth, in the heavens, the universe itself proclaims His existence, proves it clearly, and that there are no bounds or limits to His power and perfections. Everywhere we perceive His vestiges, His marks, and we may, with the Arab in the desert, who, on being asked how did he know that there is a God, although he had never seen Him, replied: "In the same way, as I know by the footprints in the sand, that a lion has passed", say also: "The earth, the millions of stars in the heavens, the plants, the trees, the fishes in the ocean, the birds in the air, the animals on the land, the human race itself, did not spring into existence by chance or by themselves, or evolve themselves

from inert matter, but they are all evident traces of the infinite power and wisdom of God, their Creator, as St. Paul declares: "That which is known of God is manifest, for the invisible things of Him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power also and divinity" (Rom. 1, 19-20). And, as the royal prophet chants: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands" (Ps. 18, 2).

Father Athanasius Kircher, S. J., celebrated for his wonderful knowledge and experiments in nearly all the physical sciences, in order to convince a friend, who doubted the existence of God, placed in the room where he expected to meet him, the grand astronomical globe he had made of the heavenly bodies then known. His friend, on seeing it went to examine it, and in his surprise and delight, asked: "Where does this grand globe come from? Who made it?" Father Kircher replied drily: "No one made it; it came here by chance." "You are jesting," said his friend. "No, I am in earnest." But seeing that his friend felt very much annoyed at such an answer, Father Kircher remarked: "You refuse to believe that this globe is self-existent, or is an effect of chance, and yet you pretend that the very heavens and their numberless stars are self-existent, or merely the product of chance!" The unbeliever, struck by this unanswerable argument, began seriously to reflect, and it was not long before he was converted.

For the special benefit of our young readers, let us here call their attention to the fact of experience, that no Catholic young man or young woman will ever seriously doubt or give up the Catholic faith, who has not first suffered the shipwreck of his or her innocence. Here is a proof out of thousands. An old French general pretended that there is no God. His pious family had induced many learned priests to try to convince him by their learned arguments of the existence of God, but it had been all in vain. At last they prevailed upon him to call on a holy priest, who had converted many hardened sinners. The general went and undertook to argue with him; but the priest merely said to him firmly: "Before arguing with you, I want you to make your confession." "What? I make my confession?" "Yes, kneel down at once and begin the *Confiteor*." "How can I do so, and pray? I do not believe in God." "You believe in Him as well as I do. Kneel down at once." The general, astounded and confused, knelt down and obeyed. The priest helped him to confess his sins. In a few moments

the general burst into tears, full of sorrow for his sins, made a good confession, and rose a firm believer in God and His religion, and felt the sweet and previously unknown happiness of being relieved of the burden of his sins.

Many fallen-away Catholics would likewise recover their lost faith and lost peace of mind, if they could be induced to make a good confession, for it was their neglect of confession and their consequent life in sin, that brought on their loss of faith. He who goes regularly to confession and confesses his sins with sincerity and contrition, will always keep and practise his faith.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

THE BARREN FIGTREE

ST. LUKE: XIII. 6-9

The scene. We are now in the last year of Our Lord's public life. To be more precise: it must be somewhere between September and December; or to express the date according to the custom of the time: between the Feast of Tabernacles and the Feast of Dedication. The Feast of Tabernacles is celebrated from the fifteenth to the twenty-first of Tishri, the month which corresponds to our mid-September until mid-October. The Feast of Dedication is assigned to the twenty-fifth of Kislev, our mid-November to mid-December.

And the *place?* There is hardly any clue to establish this point. Some imagine that all transpired in the palace of the Pharisee where He had dined. (St. Luke XI, 37.) Others separate our event from the banquet, and rather think that Our Lord was teaching in one of the synagogues of Judea. However, if we trace matters backwards, going from our passage (XIII 6-9) we notice that it seems to form one long, well-knit discourse back to the first verse of chapter twelve. Here perhaps we meet a clue: "A great multitude stood about Him so that they trod one upon another." This may seem to indicate a place out in the open, where such throngs would assemble. We know that the Feast of Tabernacles brought immense crowds of pilgrims into the Holy City; and the roads through Judea could easily assemble such numbers at this time. Their eagerness to hear Our Lord, also gives us a faint idea of the interest which was centering around His Holy person just then. And the *occasion?* Our Lord's discourse was now interrupted for the second time. Suddenly that immense throng begins to move and murmur excitedly. New-comers have joined the mass of people; they whispered a bit of news to those nearest them, and the message passes from mouth to mouth. The excitement and noise increase as the tidings spread. They were telling about "The Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices." The fiery souls of the hearers leaped into a flame of frenzy; again they felt the lash and cudgel-blows of their detested Roman masters! Perhaps it was a gesture of Our Lord, which once more restored silence and attention to this surging multitude. Probably they all looked eagerly to Him to see what impression such news would make. He remains calm and tranquil. All the rage of that countless rabble could not make Him lose His self-possession for a moment. What is more. Instead of pouring

oil on troubled waters to soothe their wounded feelings, He dared with a majestic boldness to teach them a lesson which must naturally have stung their pride all the more keenly, and fanned their wrath, and drawn the stormcloud on Himself alone. Pilate had humbled their national pride; He dared to humble their spiritual boasting with earnest and twice-repeated threat: "Except you do penance, you shall all likewise perish." Pilate had slaughtered a very small number; Our Lord foretold the ruin and destruction of the whole nation. They plumed themselves with boast of being God's chosen people; and He insists that God's most dreadful curse is impending. And we wonder with them: how could that be? What reason for such a menace? We need not wonder long. Just listen to the parable which he lays before us.

The figtree in the vineyard. "A certain man had a figtree planted in his vineyard." Here we have in a picture the master's love for that tree, and a glimpse of the hopes and prospects He cherished. His love is evident by his very choice of that tree and the care he lavished upon it.

Of course, the figtree could grow without any trying expenditure of labor. It is found wild even in roughest soil, on rock-strewn hills, and on the very verge of rugged precipices. But then its fruit is poor and hardly edible. Sauntering along the dusty highway you might meet it growing by the roadside untended and uncared-for,—as for example: You remember the figtree that Our Lord passed on the road from Bethania to Jerusalem, when he looked for a little fruit and found none. To elicit sweet and delicious fruit the cutting must be well chosen, and the tree needs careful and attentive cultivation. For this reason figtrees are often raised in specially arranged gardens or well-kept vineyards. His hopes and prospects are best symbolized just by this very union of figtree and vineyard. In Holy Writ these two fruits are the usual emblems of pleasure, peace, plenty. When Moses sent the Explorers into the Promised Land to examine it's wealth, they returned with clusters of grapes, with pomegranates and figs. When men wished to convey an idea of undisturbed calm and prosperity, reigning through the land they used the phrase: "And Juda and Israel dwelt without any fear, everyone under his vine and under his figtree from Dan to Bersabee, all the days of Solomon" (III Kings IV, 23.—I Mach. XIV, 12). When the prophets wished to paint the glories of the Messianic era in colors that would appeal to the popular mind, they also resort to the same imagery: "In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, everyone shall call his friend under the vine and under the figtree" (Zach. IV, 10). Even God himself when He desires to win the people to obedience, when He is anxious to present His promises in most alluring charms, selects the identical expression: "The tree hath brought forth its fruit, the figtree and the vine yielded their strength" (Joel II, 22). On the other hand, when the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness and tried to portray the wretchedness of the desert waste around them, they thought it enough to say: "Why have you made us come up out of Egypt, and have brought us into this wretched place, which cannot be sowed nor bringeth forth figs nor vines" (Numb. XX, 25). And when God wishes to give edge to his menaces against a rebellious people, He warns them: "Behold, I will bring upon you a nation from afar, a strong nation * * * they shall eat thy vineyard and thy figtree, and with the sword they shall destroy thy strong cities within thou trustest" (Jerem. V, 17). Now we see how such imagery expresses the love and the delightful prospects that filled the owner's mind.

Directly, Our Lord refers this to the people around Him, to the *Jewish nation*. Even the prophets have compared them to a "Basket of figs" (Jerem. XXIV 1), and to the Figtree (Osee IX, 10). But in truth, the parable is verified in *ourselves* just as well. Our souls are the figtrees. Once, when God had formed Adam's body out of the slime of the earth and breathed into it a living soul, He placed him in a garden of delights, in Paradise. Proof palpable of God's love! And our own souls? Are they not planted in more sacred soil, in a more magnificent Paradise? Our Lord himself has revealed it to us: "I am the vine you are the branches" (St. John, XV, 5). So we are engrafted

into His mystic Body and become members of members in Him. Surely the trees of Paradise must thrive when God made such provision for their growth: "And a river went out of the place of pleasure to water paradise" (Gen. II, 10). As the branches live by the sap that flows through the entire vine, so souls that abide in Christ are watered and enlivened by the streams of grace that gush from the infinite merits of the Sacred Heart.

The Master's complaint. "And he came seeking fruit on it, and found none. And he said to the dresser of the vineyard: Behold for these three years I come, seeking fruit on this figtree and I find none; cut it down therefore, why cumbereth it the ground?" His patience appears as the blossom of His love. He probably waited several years before the plant was capable of bearing fruit.

And once the time had come when luscious fruit was to be garnered, he must have been chagrined the first time already, when he passed by that tree, and saw on all the others the rich, swelling figs ready to fall to the ground. But he came to this one and no fruit here. The second year he had come again; and surely his vexation was deeper and the thought of cutting it down must have occurred to him,—yet he fondly hoped, and spared the tree. Now he stands before it the third time and wistfully searches the branches and no fruit at all rewards his gaze. No wonder he complains: complains of his own attentions disappointed, the labor lost, the good soil wasted and made useless by this idle occupant. So he orders the gardener to cut it down by the roots. Then it may serve as fuel, at least. Why should it drain the soil of the sap which other trees would transform into wholesome food? Why should it rob the master of the vineyard of so much valuable space which another and more productive tree would turn to better account?

Directly, it was a terrible verdict handed down by infallible justice on the conduct of the *Jewish people*. They had been planted in the soil of God's Providence, nurtured and cherished by His love, and long did He wait for this one most delightful fruit: that they should at length recognize the Messias who had come to them. Three years had Our Lord labored among them, and all in vain. God had waited for the appointed time when centuries of tutoring and training had educated the Nation, and reared it to fullness and strength of manhood. And when all seemed ready for the fruit which this Nation should bring to earth, as the people of the Messias and as the chosen instrument for spreading His Kingdom, the Son of God had come to them and they—received Him not. Need we be surprised at His complaint? But what of *ourselves*? Can we look on calmly and impassively? Has He not waited long for us to bear fruit worthy of Christ? Year on year has rolled by, and as God's eye rests on us what harvest is there? Alas, perhaps there is a harvest,—but one that makes the angels turn away and veil their sight; one that makes the heart of our Heavenly Father grow heavy with sorrow: a harvest of sin, sins of all sorts! Should we not fear the awful fate: cut down that tree! "Why cumbereth it the ground?" Perhaps we may reflect: If any other had received the chances given me, had been blessed with the graces I wasted, he would have produced far better fruits. It seems almost a law of God's conduct, to give to another the chances and graces which we ourselves neglected. Heli was high-priest and bore no fruit, and soon his years of sterility were sealed by the sentence: "Thou shalt see thy rival in the temple, in all the prosperity of Israel * * * that thy eyes might be faint and thy soul spent" (I Kings II, 32). Saul first received the Spirit of God; but bore no fruit, and the Spirit of God passed on to David. Judas was unworthy of the graces of the apostolate, and Matthias received his dignity and bishopric. In plainest terms was this law applied to Israel: "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation yielding the fruits thereof." And with no less terrifying precision is the same sentence formulated and extended to all of us, when Our Lord speaks of the slothful servants, who hid his talent in the earth and would not enjoy it for the fruit of interest: "Take ye away therefore, the talent from him, and give it him that

hath ten talents." Lest we forget this maxim, the Holy Ghost has woven it into the last book of the Inspired Series, the Apocalypse, that book which deals mainly with the last scenes in the grand drama of Salvation. In the third chapter, v. 11 we read: "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown". Surely, a lesson to make our conscience a little timid. But does our Lord end here? Can His Sacred Heart bear to dismiss His children trembling and affrighted? Ah, no! We must pause to admire the tenderness and delicacy of His feelings for us, when we study the final paragraph of His instruction.

The intercession of the Gardener. "But he answering said to him: Lord, let it alone this year also; until I dig about it and dung it, and if it happily bear fruit. But if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Let me insert just one word about the text. You notice that the clause: "and if it happily bear fruit," is an incomplete sentence; and you must supply another member to round off the sense: "Then you will be glad to let it stand." Or better: it should be read thus: "And perhaps, it will bear fruit."

If you read the Manuals for Gardening and study all the minute rules laid down for the culture of the fig-tree, it would seem a tedious and annoying task. But most of these directions apply to colder climates of America and England. In countries however such as Palestine, where the figtree is indigenous, it requires little worry and solicitude. Especially when, as in our parable, the tree is planted in good, rich soil where there is no lack of warmth and nourishment. But the point brought out in our parable is this: after all ordinary measures have been taken, after more than ordinary patience has been exhausted,—even then the tree is spared. Just then, when humanly speaking you would expect the dull thud of the axe and the crash of broken branches,—just then you hear the pleading of pity and witness the unexpected offer of mercy. Instead of declaring all care at an end, we meet a new prodigality of most devoted attentions.

The Jewish nation had resisted God's efforts to a degree that sometimes strikes us as a mystery. Yet God's love has proven itself a far greater mystery. His love so long balked and trampled under foot, is not yet turned into hate. No! The first huge wave of love has rolled and broken on those hearts of rock, and lo! there comes another wave still higher and mightier, the wave of mercy. Almost incredible would be the devotion of that gardener whom so many failures did not dishearten. But passing all belief is the perseverance of a God who still persists in caring for the people that dealt so shabbily with Him. He can do but one thing more: He can die. Men can dig to save a tree, but Our Lord is willing to embrace the most painful of all deaths. Men may dung a tree with the poor chores of earthly toil, but a God goes so far as to offer every drop of His blood to save a soul nearly withered under the blight of sin. And so the people of Israel was spared; still 40 years were granted, before the heavy arm of Rome was raised, and the axe of bloody war was wielded, and the tree was felled, and the medals of the conqueror bore the image of a tree and a lady in tears crouching beneath it, with the legend: "Judea capta"! Judea a captive! Much the same process is realized in *ourselves*. Patience is not near enough for God's devotion. No, He will dig and toil to win us for heaven. When hanging on His cross, He invited the lance of the Roman soldier to dig deep into His Sacred Heart, till a stream of blood and water gushed from it. Water flowed to cleanse our souls pure and white, and transform them into an angel's radiance by the sacrament of Baptism. Blood spurted out, to wash away those ugly strains which later life had spattered on the wedding garment of our souls. And perhaps His wish to labor for our souls is best seen in the Institution of Holy Mass where He seeks, by accumulating miracles of every kind, to multiply and renew his sacrifice of Calvary until the end of time.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

HEREDITY

The writer makes no personal comment on the following narrative. It is simply what has come under his own observation put up in readable form.

Mary Connors was a sensible girl; bright and capable. She had trained herself to reflect and never acted hastily. It was her calm and clear mind that kept her in the responsible position of Principal at the Telephone School of the Central Exchange. She was devout too, going to Holy Communion during the week when her work permitted and never failing to receive at least on Sunday. Her company-keeping with Joe Devlin had lasted nearly a year. That she loved him there was no possibility of a doubt. And she had reason to; for Joe was no ordinary young man. It is true that his education and his personal appearance were ordinary; but his character was not; and it is character that counts in the world more than education or address.

Joe was manly and unselfish. His sympathies were broad. He could overlook faults and see good in others: a noble quality surely in a young man. This made him a general favorite among his fellow clerks and no wonder. Their reputation was safe with Joe: just as safe as their money, and they knew it. Inflexible in demanding and dealing out justice, he was at the same time the soul of charity. And what a merry laugh! The cares of life rested lightly on his shoulders for he would not let them weigh him down.

It made him happy to feel that he was sure of Mary, even if he deemed himself unworthy of her: and he loved her with a pure, honest, sincere love, the only kind of which he was capable. He too was a frequent communicant and it was not uncommon to see him receive with Mary, especially on the First Friday. There could be no better warrant that the company-keeping was what it should be, a worthy preparation for the holy state of Matrimony. But, in truth, they were far from marriage.

Yes, Mary was a sensible girl. What she did, was the fruit of reflection; and she frequently passed hours in deep reflection on the prospects of happiness with Joe for a husband. The effect of late had been distressing in the extreme. He had asked her the great question: asked her with a sincerity that carried with it all the strength of his great manly nature, and she longed to give the answer her love

for him so eagerly prompted: but a great obstacle stood in the way. It was Joe's father.

Now Joe's father was a man of pleasing manners; well educated and well read. He was talented. He was generous; but—he drank. He drank to excess; he drank habitually and hence, he was a drunkard. He was not the sort of low, foul-mouthed drunkard one finds on the street corner or in the custody of the police. He was what some would call a "respectable" drunkard. He drank at the Club: he drank in the secrecy of his own home. Mrs. Devlin dreaded the sound of the cab that so frequently drove up to the door at midnight and brought to her the man who had once been the idol of her heart. His drinking caused no public scandal, however, and many of the neighbors thought little of it. But to the noble and refined wife it was the deepest humiliation. How she had prayed and implored: how she had pleaded just for one manly effort on the part of her husband to break with the shameful habit. But he was weak; he had always been weak, and each successive indulgence made him more so. All the sad forebodings of her fond parents, alas, had been realized. She had known of his weakness during their courtship so many years ago; but it was by no means habitual then. Love for him had blinded her. She assured herself and he had assured her too, that when they were married there would be an end of it all. But as the years passed he became worse rather than better: and now she had grown used to her nightly vigils and her heart was used to its burden of sadness and depression. Long since had she meekly taken the heavy cross upon her and borne it in silence and patience. Her hope was in prayer to the Mother of God and her only comfort after Holy Communion was her son, Joe.

He however did not bear the cross so meekly. There was many a stormy scene between father and son. In strenuous terms Joe reproached the conduct of his father and pictured to him in strongest language the bitter disgrace he was bringing on himself and those nearest to him. How could a son respect such a father! It was sheer cowardice not to make an effort and the cruelty of it was killing his mother. It must stop or something would happen. But remonstrance, entreaty, threat, all was lost on a man who had convinced himself that he could not quit even if he despised and hated himself for it and understood that it was ruinous to his wife's happiness and his son's opportunities.

Never could Mary forget the night that Joe drew aside the curtain and exposed to her the family skeleton. It had to be done, for Joe was too sincere to deceive her in a matter he felt she must know before consenting to be his life-companion. She was shocked and horrified. Marry the son of a drunkard! The thought was crushing. Her horror for drink and all that she had read and heard of heredity in such matters; the possibility of Joe some day following his father's example, all rose up before her like a mighty barrier to separate her from him forever. Even in love it must be "safety first". She could run no risks in an affair so momentous.

Joe's buoyant nature had thrust aside the vague misgivings that came to him now and then as to her acceptance of him on account of the lamentable conduct of his father.

She surely would not reject him for a fault that was not his own.

But when he saw the stunning effect of the revelation; when he beheld depicted on her pale face the agony of the struggle within her, his confidence was rudely shaken and he began to fear.

"Tell me," she said after long pause: "tell me truly, Joe, do you yourself ever indulge in drink?"

That he did was true, but it was only on rare occasions and then in greatest moderation.

"Mary," he replied, "I'll be candid. I touch the stuff occasionally but I have never in my life been under the influence of liquor."

She was only partly reassured.

"Let me ask you a very personal question," she said again with great earnestness, "do you ever feel a hankering for it?"

Joe blanched. He had ever struggled manfully against what he knew was a secret longing for alcohol. To tell her his natural inclination, he feared, would be certain death to his hopes. But at all hazards he must be sincere.

"I cannot deceive you, Mary," he said in a tone of deepest sadness, "I feel the thirst but God helps me to overcome it."

She was dubious and mistrustful.

He pleaded God's assistance to him in the future as in the past. He pleaded his own strength of character. Even if his father's poisoned blood did flow in his veins, his own strong will could rise superior to its evil tendencies. Did she not love him enough to trust him?

But Mary would not decide. She must have time for reflection. She must pray. She must take counsel. The answer would be given soon. And so he left her.

What agony they both suffered in the days that followed. Mary had neither mother nor father to advise her. But she knew Father Lawrence at the Monastery. He was her confessor and she trusted his prudence and experience. She laid the case before him. A shade of anxiety came over the face of the old priest as he grasped the situation.

"Yes, my child," he said with great earnestness, "there are many exceptions. I have known children to conceive a life-long detestation for intoxicating drink on account of the example of its evil effects upon their parents. But I have also seen the overpowering influence of heredity in cases like the present. If habits of mind and thought; if peculiarities of disposition and temperament are often inherited; why not inclinations and propensities also, like that to drink or uncleanness? Medical science asserts it and experience proves it in a thousand cases."

"Tell me, Father, what to do," she cried in harassing perplexity, "I'll act just as you say."

"No, my child, I must not decide. My decision might be wrong and bring unhappiness upon you. God alone knows the future. Pray earnestly to Him. He will direct you."

She went into the church and prayed long and earnestly for light and guidance.

* * *

Joe had come for the verdict. She met him with her usual calm and quiet modesty. She would not keep him in cruel suspense any longer. The resolve had been taken. Much as she loved him she could never be his wife. It was best. She felt God willed it so.

He did not plead; he did not chide. He turned from her as one turns away from a treasure lost at sea. It is gone forever. But there was a bitterness in his soul that had never been there before: not against her, but against his father.

Never would he look upon his father's face again.

He was a changed man when he entered his home an hour later. Hatred had made him almost a demon. He confided all to his broken-hearted mother. He would leave the home. Yes, he would come to

see her; come when he knew his father was absent and God keep him from an act of violence.

* * *

"Death shall come like a thief in the night." And so it came to Joe's father within a month. It was paralysis. The priest anointed him. The second stroke came shortly after the first and bore him away to his God for judgment.

The cross had fallen from Mrs. Devlin. Ample insurance left her comfortable. Joe came to the house but true to his word, he did not look on the face of the dead.

Son and mother stood at the grave. No word was spoken: no mock tears shed. But the faithful wife calmly prayed for the husband and the son in his heart cursed the father.

He helped his mother into the waiting coach when all the others had retired. Returning to the grave, he stood over it for a moment and then deliberately spat upon the earth that covered the remains of him who had wrecked his life.

None saw the awful deed of hatred but the all-seeing eye of God.

* * *

The United States had entered the great world-war. Among the first to enlist was Joe Devlin. Within a year he was fighting on the foreign fields for the honor of his country and flag.

How eagerly Mrs. Devlin read his letters written generally after some great battle, to relieve her anxiety.

One day she saw his name on the list of our dead heroes in France.
Had her prayer for him been heard!

Yes, for the chaplain wrote to the bereaved mother:

"Be comforted, my child; the last words of your dying boy were:
'Tell her I forgive my Father'."

F. L. KENZEL, C. Ss. R.

The millionaire in khaki lined up for mess with his tin cup and plate next to the hod carrier is the first great victory for democracy.

When Jesus Christ came from heaven for the very purpose of restoring the kingdom of peace, which had been ruined by the envy of Satan, He chose no other foundation for it than that of brotherly love.

—Benedict XV.

A MOTHER'S CARE

When Italy was invaded, refugees found their way to Rome. So it happened that during a stroll a well dressed lady—every inch a lady—accosted a friend of the writer to find out where the school of the Irish Christian Brothers was: "I am from Venice," she said, "and I wish to place these two boys of mine in that Institute; I care not to have them in a public school; nor even a day school, for then they will be left several hours on the street. The Institute has been recommended to me, and I am anxious to see that my boys are well taken care of in a good Catholic Institution." Gracious in her request for information, gracious in her thanks, she was the ideal of a true Catholic mother and lady, one of whom any boy might feel proud, and justly so. Such was the impression she made on those she addressed.

Here was a well educated Catholic woman, evidently of comfortable means, who, at the enemy's approach thought it best to leave her home and property and flee with her children. She did not worry about the possible destruction of her property or loss of money; she knew worldly goods are only passing and perishable. To leave her boys a goodly fortune in real estate or cash was not her main anxiety; a "social crook" may be clever and enjoy riches but withal be deplorably lacking in moral character. She worried not about herself; she felt her children would probably outlive her; hence she consulted *their* future: not for material prosperity, but for character. She was anxious about their education, the real kind that develops the whole man and the best side of him: she was looking mainly to their morals, the correct training of heart and will. She was seeking the solid principles built on the doctrine of the Catholic Church, "the pillar and ground of truth" (I. Tim. III. 5). She wanted that her boys live in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere, be kept from the public de-Christianized schools, and from off the streets where innocence is so often ruined. This was her *first*, her *last*, her *only* thought as she weighed the worth of their immortal souls. Such a woman and mother deserves the eternal benedictions of future generations. When she has gone to her reward, content to have implanted her noble Catholic spirit in the hearts of her children, it will be read of her in their deeds and character that "her children rose up and called her blessed"; for "the woman that feareth the Lord, *she* shall be praised." (Proverbs, XXXI, 28, 30.)

A mother like this, whose first thought is to educate her children for God, for the benefit of their immortal souls, and *not* for mere *worldly show, social preferences, fickle pleasures, and filthy lucre*" (Titus, I. 7), would, if occasion offered, be another Mother of the Machabees, a second St. Felicitas, each of whom rather than offend God saw her seven sons tortured to death and exhorted them rather to die than commit sin. "Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with a good courage, for the hope that she had in God. And she bravely exhorted every one of them in her own language, being filled with wisdom: and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought. She said to them: I know not how you were formed in my womb: for I neither gave you breath, nor soul nor life, neither did I frame the limbs of every one of you. But the Creator of the world, that formed the nativity of man, and that found out the origin of all, he will restore to you again in his mercy, both breath and life, as now you despise yourselves for the sake of his laws" (II. Machabees, VII. 20-24).

Truly that Venetian mother, the subject of this article, was "filled with wisdom" when her chief thought was the Catholic education of her boys; she was actuated by "the hope that she had in God"; she knew that the next life counts, and that it depends upon the proper use of the present life. As for the rest, it only remains for us honestly and practically to answer these questions: What have we been doing for our children? What are we doing for them now? What will we do for them in the future? "He that instructeth his son shall be praised in him and shall glory in him in the midst of them of his household" (Ecclesiasticus, XXX. 2).

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.

Whether we consider the evils of intemperance, greed, prostitution and divorce, or crimes of dishonesty, or acts done in malice or in a heat of passion, whatever the particular vice we discover and distinguish as a cause of human misery and social disaster, we have, forever at hand, not only an antidote but a panacea in the precepts of religion. No man can follow the precepts of the Christian religion and be a criminal.—*Mosby, Member American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.*

PERFECTION'S ETERNAL REWARD

The soul that seeks perfection knows true happiness in this life and at the hour of death. It will be happy also for all eternity.

When the blessed enter heaven, they will no longer have to suffer. There will be no more sickness nor poverty, no more heat nor cold. There will be no more persecutions nor jealousy, for in that blessed kingdom of love all the inhabitants are filled with affection for one another and are as pleased with one another's happiness as if it were their own. There will be no more fear, for the soul in heaven is confirmed in grace and can no longer lose God.

On the other hand, everything in heaven will console and satisfy the elect. Their eyes will be ravished with the sight of that city whose beauty is perfect. And what a joy it will be to see all the blessed clad in regal pomp, to see Mary, more beautiful than all paradise, and the divine Lamb, the spouse of souls! There will be fragrant odors and perfumes to delight the senses and the ear will be charmed with the transports of celestial harmonies. In a word, paradise is the sum of all good things that could be desired.

But what will make the soul perfectly happy in heaven is that it will there see God face to face, and in thus contemplating the infinite beauty of God and all the infinite perfections that make Him infinitely worthy of our love, it will love Him with all its powers, and it will have no other thought or desire but to see God infinitely happy. And if a soul were capable of the infinite, the joy it experiences in seeing God infinitely happy would also be infinite. But, as creatures are not capable of infinite joy, the blessed soul is at least perfectly satisfied and contented so that it wants nothing more. Such is the reward which God promises to His faithful servants. "They shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of thy pleasure" (Psalm 35, 9).

Let us then at least try to bear with resignation the crosses which God sends us, for if we are saved they will increase our joy in eternity. When sickness or sorrow or any other adversity afflicts us, let us raise our eyes to heaven and say, "All these sufferings will end one day, and after that I hope to enjoy God forever!" Let us bear all the crosses and despise all the foolish joys of this world,—Jesus Christ is waiting for us, ready to crown us as kings in heaven if only we are faithful to Him.

—ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

TRAITOROUS AND TRUE**CHAPTER VI. THE MAJOR PERPLEXED**

Alice Drake was seated at a little work table doing some fancy-work. Opposite her was her Father. He was gazing intently at her. He was proud of her, proud with the pride that comes of having done one's duty well. He had watched over her with the greatest care from her childhood. Her education had been the very best; her environments had been such that all a woman's best qualities were manifest in her. She was to him the beginning and end of all things. She was her dead mother come to life, with all her sweetness, gentleness and grace, and when she spoke it was the voice of his dead wife that sounded in his ears. And because he was growing old, and because he loved her he wanted to see her married to a man who was worthy of her and, in his judgment there was none more worthy than Colonel Bob Earlwaite. It was three days since Bob's departure. As the Old Major followed the drift of his thoughts a maid entered the room with mail for the Major. There was a letter from Bob. He read it eagerly but it contained not one word about Alice. This was a surprise to him for he knew Bob loved Alice. He handed the letter to Alice. She read it and gave it back to him without saying a word of comment. Her father saw the look of unconcern on her face.

"Alice," he said at last, "what has happened between you and Bob?"

She blushed but said very indifferently; "Nothing, Daddy!"

"There has been a quarrel?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "not a quarrel, but, perhaps,—perhaps a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding!" he echoed. "About what?"

"Now, father, you must not look so surprised. It is really nothing and besides I prefer to forget what has occurred." There was a strange, new note of authority in her voice as she spoke these words and it dawned on the Major that Alice was no longer a little girl but had become a woman. However his curiosity was aroused.

"Bob came to say 'goodbye', didn't he?" he queried.

Alice nodded her head by way of reply.

"And did he say nothing else?" pursued her father.

"Very little else that is worth remembering," she replied carelessly.

"Did he ask you to —"

"Yes;" she broke in, "he did ask me to marry him, but I ——"

"You did not listen to him?" said her father raising his voice.

"Yes, I did listen to him and then I told him I could not!"

"You could not?" repeated her father in amazement. "Why?"

Alice looked into her father's eyes before replying. There was the faintest dawning of tears in her eyes and her voice was trembling as she said: "Because I do not love him!"

Her answer came to him like a shock. He did not believe it, he could not. He had seen so often the happiness on the faces of Bob and Alice when they were together and something told him that they were created for each other. Bob Earlwaite was the only man to whom he could trust Alice and he had builded on seeing them united. Now that his plans were disturbed, he was angered, for, old soldier that he was, he could not bear the idea that his most cherished hopes had gone astray. His voice was somewhat harsh as he said:

"Alice, that is untrue! You have loved Bob Earlwaite since your girlhood and though no man fully understands a woman's heart, you have not hidden from me your love for Bob. He is my ideal of a soldier and a lover, and I will not see him flung aside without an explanation."

Alice was startled by the firm tones in which he had spoken. He had never so spoken to her before.

"Father, dear," she said tremulously, "there is no other explanation! I cannot assume a position that is not to my complete liking. I have obeyed you in all things till now. In this matter I am old enough to be my own judge. I am old enough to decide this step for myself. It concerns my happiness alone. I know it would please you to decide in favor of Bob, but—I cannot, and I have told him so plainly."

Her father stared at her. He thought he knew her inmost thoughts. She had been his constant companion; there was nothing she kept concealed from him, nothing but this and the avowal of it came like a thunder clap. He saw the justice of her remark however, that she was to be the judge of her own happiness. He knew full well that many parents have ruined the happiness of their children by insisting on obedience to their selfish motives. He felt that he was right in pressing Bob's suit and yet he knew that there was some reason for Alice's action.

"Alice," he said, "I never dreamed of this, never thought it possible.

I cannot understand it now unless there is someone else for whom you care. Can this be, Alice?"

Her cheeks reddened as her father looked at her, his gaze made her nervous. It was the one question she feared. "Now, Daddy," she pleaded, "let the matter drop; it is of no importance now."

"Then you do not deny that there is someone else," he demanded straightening up in his chair.

"I cannot say!" she answered softly.

"You mean you will not tell me?" he demanded angrily.

"No! I do not mean that, father," she replied.

"And you flung aside the best young man in the world for a feminine uncertainty and in the face of your better judgment," he retorted.

Alice felt a spirit of rebellion rising up in her bosom at these words. She had a perfect right she knew to act as she did and she brooked her father's insinuation that she had acted without reason. She was tempted to answer her father haughtily but she kept back with an effort the hot words tingling on her tongue.

"Father," she answered calmly, "you may call it feminine uncertainty but I did not act in the face of my better judgment. I could not be true to Colonel Earlwaite and myself by telling him a falsehood. The man I marry I must love with all my heart."

The old Major saw the truth of her remark and he admired her for it. He wanted her to be happy and he knew that this could not be unless she sincerely loved the man of her choice. He knew that insincere love ended in bleeding hearts that divorce courts vainly tried to staunch. But his curiosity was not laid; he was anxious to know who or what had brought this change in Alice.

"Alice you love someone else?" he gently queried. She did not answer. "Is it true?? he continued.

"Father, I do not know!" was her reply.

The old Major was in a quandary. He settled back in the arm-chair and gazed intently at her trying to read her thoughts. Alice went on with her fancy-work and as her needle went in and out through the linen; her father's thoughts were flitting here and there over events that might give him light. Then he recalled George Conroy's part in the runaway accident and how eagerly she read the account of it in the paper. "Could Colonel Conroy be the 'someone' else?" he thought.

"Alice," he asked, "breaking the silence, "has Colonel Conroy come between you and Bob?"

His voice startled her. She had hoped the matter was ended and yet there was a question that came nearer home. She was about to say, "I do not know;" but this would be deceiving her father and she answered simply, "Yes!"

"And do you love him?" he went on. What could she answer, she who did not know her own heart.

"Father, I'm not certain."

"Umph!" grunted her father disgusted and rising from his chair; "I give up. There are some mysteries greater than those of faith and the greatest of all is woman. I congratulate Bob in getting off so easily."

As he left the room Alice flung her fancy-work aside and putting her hands over her face let the tears come, wondering why she did not love Bob and would she learn to love Colonel Conroy.

* * *

Alice visited Colonel Conroy at the hospital. She was shy at first in his presence but as the moments went by her shyness gave place to an easy familiarity that was very flattering to him. She was very profuse in thanking him for his bravery and in making apologies for not having come to see him sooner.

"I was coming down to see you the day Colonel Earlwaite went away but something occurred," she explained, "that so upset me that I did not dare when I was out of sorts to inflict my presence on a sick man. I would have taken all the sunshine out of your room."

Colonel Conroy smiled at this and then deftly paid her a compliment.

"Miss Drake your very presence alone is enough to bring sunshine into the darkest sick-room.

She felt the warm glow of a blush mount to her cheeks. He said it so seriously that she did not think there was flattery in it.

"And besides," she continued, trying to look unconcerned, "we were such perfect strangers and the formality of introductions is such a bug-bear that I felt it unladylike to come to see you."

"Strangers!" he echoed. "Why I was acquainted with you before Black Prince introduced us."

Alice looked surprised.

"Yes I met you first the day of the parade. You were standing with your father on the reviewing stand, and I asked Bob Earlwaite who the girl was who was so vigorously waiving a little silken flag."

"Oh!" cried Alice, "I'm curious to know something. I saw you lean over in your saddle and speak to Bob. Were you asking him about me then?"

"Yes!" he answered.

"Isn't it strange," she said as a thrill went over her. Something told me that you were speaking of me then." She said this frankly, ingenuously, with no thought of what it meant to him, but it was her confession that she too had been thinking of him. This timid admission at once changed his attitude toward her to one of easy assurance. It did away with the long and lifeless conventionalities of becoming acquainted.

After this first meeting Alice and George Conroy were much in each other's company when suddenly the black cloud of war cast its ominous shadow over America. The blue waters of the Atlantic were strewn with wreckage of ships that were foully attacked by orders from an ambitious and a conscienceless government. From the lonely depths of troubled waves ghostly arms were outstretched and there came to America the voice of her murdered children, above the howling of storms, crying for vengeance. No Nation least of all America, could be deaf to those pleadings rising up from their watery graves in the Atlantic. Reason had failed; diplomacy was scoffed at; peace-measures were ridiculed with scorn, and on Good Friday, the anniversary of the lonely death of the Prince of Peace on Calvary, War, the breeder of hate, thundered his challenge to America. When the call to arms went reverberating over the land Colonel Conroy with his command was ordered to the red battlefields of Europe. It was a heart-breaking moment for Alice when she said "goodbye", but she sent him away with the promise that on his return she would be waiting for him.

(To be continued.)

J. COLL., C. Ss. R.

Our heavenly Father provides food for the birds of the air; but they are up bright and early in the morning to get it. If they were to hang around all night drinking beer they, too, would have their grievances about social injustice and oppression of the weak.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT

Here is a little story from a report made by a Canadian chaplain after the battle of Passchendaele:

"The next day was comparatively quiet. Some thirty or forty bodies were lying about Tyne Cot, but owing to German observation we could not bury them. I spent some time sorting out the Catholics. In doing so, I once more received an object-lesson in the efficacy of prayer. Some days previous I had the Catholics of a certain brigade paraded to church. As I was in the confessional the officer in charge entered and the following conversation took place:

"'Father, I brought the boys to church today, and as I was waiting for them to finish, something prompted me to come and have a talk with you. I do not intend to go to confession; in fact, I have not been there for three years; but I would like to have a talk.'

"I asked him if he knew what prompted him. He replied in the negative and added:

"'It is just a whim, I suppose.'

"I then told him it was undoubtedly his mother's prayers. With this he remained silent awhile and then said:

"'She sent me a Sacred Heart badge last night,—and I know she always prays for me. Father, I'll go to confession!'

"And he did. He was the object lesson. I found him there among the dead; as I covered up his body with a blanket, I said a prayer to St. Monica. I am sure that the Catholic heart of the mother of the lad who lies out there under the little wooden cross, will not mourn as those who have no hope, rather will it be a well-spring of gratitude to God."

So the little Sacred Heart badge proved to be the hem of His garment!

—Sacred Heart Messenger.

THE LIVING HEART OF JESUS

The Sacred Heart Messenger acknowledges each month, letters from all parts of the land, that speak to faithful hearts of the doings

of the Sacred Heart among us every day. Here is a case, chosen at random.

"By mistake I overpaid a bill by a very large amount. The one who received the money refused to return it, and I was forced to take the case to court. When the trial took place, the defendant presented false bills and prejudiced testimony in such a way that my own lawyer gave up all hope of the jury returning a just verdict. I prayed to the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, that the jury would not be moved by the false testimony of bills and clerks, but would do me justice. I promised publication if my prayers were heard. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, though everything seemed against me, the jury returned a just verdict."

THE SCALES OF GOD

One of the old hermits of the Desert, St. Agatho was at the point of death. For a long time he lay on his straw couch with eyes open and immovable. His brethren tried to rouse him and asked:

"Father Agatho, where are you?"

"I stand before the Judgment of God," he answered.

"And are you afraid?" they questioned again.

"Ah," replied the saint, "I have done, until now, all that I could to keep God's commandments; but I am a man, and how shall I know whether my actions are pleasing to God?"

"But," went on his brethren, "do you not trust that your works were according to God's law?"

The dying saint answered:

"I have no confidence when I stand before God. Far different are the judgments of God from the judgment of men."

ON GARRISON DUTY

It was evening and one of the many thousand priest-soldiers who belong to the French army, making his way to the old parish church of the town where he was stationed on garrison duty, found that a handful of his comrades had preceded him; and as he joined them he suggested their saying a few "Hail Mary's" together.

They were not the only members of the garrison in the dim old building. Here and there in the gathering dusk of the nave, were

kneeling military figures, who, seeing others gather round Our Lady's statue, and hearing the low murmur of the voices reciting the "Hail Mary, full of grace," came and joined the little group, until the soldier-priest, finishing the last words of the "Hail Holy Queen," had the satisfaction of counting a total of forty in his little congregation.

The following evening their number had doubled. When Sunday came round, the parish priest announced at all the Masses that the Rosary would be said every evening before Our Lady's altar; and on Monday night four hundred voices rose and fell in the recitation of the familiar prayers . . .

Before long the Ave Marias were being recited by twelve or perhaps fifteen hundred voices—the voices of men who prayed with all their hearts for their families and for their children.—*Ave Maria.*

A SERMON WITHOUT WORDS

Some time ago five young men came up to Sacramento from San Francisco to take the examination for the Bar. The hotels were crowded and they were forced to occupy cots in the same room. According to one of them (a Protestant, though now preparing to become a Catholic), four of the party, non-Catholics, undressed and jumped into bed without a thought of God or prayer; but one (a Catholic) knelt down and said his prayers, to the astonishment of his companions. One of them at least, was so edified by this exhibition of a quiet, unostentatious piety, that he concluded there must be something about Catholicity worth knowing; and now, with God's help, he is finding out what that something is.—*Catholic Herald.*

A SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

Not the least interesting portions of letters from our missionaries in foreign lands are those paragraphs in which are described particular local customs of the newly converted pagans. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter written by a Bishop in the French Soudan:

"The mothers go to the altar with their infants fastened on their backs. It is beautiful to see the baby following with great white eyes (the blacker the face, the larger and whiter the eyes) the action of the priest placing the Sacred Host upon the mother's tongue. There seems to be an attraction between the God of pure souls and these holy

innocents. On returning to their places, these women do a most touching thing. Bringing their infants before them, they kiss the child so that the lips that have received Christ, touch the lips of the baby, and the little one communicates, as it were, in that manner.

Whether founding seminaries to wreath with new laurels the brow of learning, or building hospitals to succor the distressed; whether piercing the heavens with cathedral spires, or winning in trackless wilds among heathen tribes the crown of martyrdom, in every age and in every land the priests of the Christian religion have been the wonder and admiration of mankind. In all the hoary annals of time they are without parallel or counterpart. From the catacombs of imperial Rome they ascend to the palace of the Caesars, and for the mailed fist of Roman militarism which then ruled the world, they substituted the mild and salutary Gospel of the Prince of Peace. The fierce hordes of northern barbarians which beat down the Roman legions and swept the Roman senator from his curule chair, halted at the door of the sanctuary and bowed at last before the wand of the Crozier and the magic of the Cross. Through the troubled centuries to come it was the monks and priests of Rome who carried the torch of learning into the dark places and caused Christian cities to spring from the brambles, bogs, and fens of savage wilds. As with the rod of Moses, they smote the rock of the wilderness, and there gushed forth the fountains of civilization; they touched the desert and it sprang into fullness of life.—*Thomas Speed Mosby.*

"Tis vain for the selfish husband or wife to say: "It's a worse crime to bring children into the world when you can't support them than to commit race suicide." Well, suppose it is; if both are crimes, there is no necessity for doing either. In case of need there always remains the middle course which is surely no crime—perfect continence. But race suicide always remains a crime, nothing can justify it, and woe to the unhallowed home where it is practised! Once a husband and wife admit this truth, they will generally decide that they can, by economy and self-denial, manage to support the children whom God sees fit to send them.

As mankind could not be freed from slavery but by the sacrifice of Christ, so neither can it be preserved but by His power.—*Leo XIII.*

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

The following is one of those little gems for so many of which we must be grateful to Catholic writers like the well known Rene Bazin. Of course there is always the difficulty of translating a play upon words which does well in French and looks rather poor in English, but even then the idea is there, and it is the idea we wish to put on record.

"I was present," writes Bazin in a French newspaper, "at a catechism lesson given to a hundred little boys in a parish of Paris. This quarter was poor, and so was the Church. When I entered the Curate was relating the treason of Judas who sold his Master. He ended his narrative by the words: 'Judas was seized with despair, and hanged himself.' Immediately one of the youngest among the boys stood up and made a sign that he had something to say.

"I do not ask any questions," said the priest, "but what is the thought that takes you?"

"To say what I would have done if I had been Judas."

"Well, what?" And the urchins all turned to their companion. But he, quite unabashed, and perfectly determined because he heard the voice of his heart, replied:

"I would have hanged myself to the neck of good Jesus."

"Some of the little ones laughed at the idea, but most of them understood better and felt as if their hearts were ready to weep.

"If these lines fall under the eyes of a soul who despairs on account of his sins, let him go and hang himself to the neck of good Jesus, and Jesus will press him to His Heart." *Bombay Examiner.*

RICH BOOTY

A girl who was on her way to work was overtaken by a man employed in the same place, and they walked along together chatting as they went. They had to pass a church on the way, and the girl was in the habit of making a daily visit there.

As they came near she began to be tempted to pass without going in. What would her companion think? She hated to be called a fanatic or a devotee or a little queer! Besides it sometimes injured one even in a business way, to be religious especially as a Catholic.

The next morning the man was a little bit later in meeting her and said, in a rather shamefaced way, that he had followed her good example and had also gone into the church on his way to work.

"Oh! then, you are a Catholic! I am so glad," she said. Some months later he said to her:

"Miss Blake, I owe you a great deal, and I cannot feel satisfied until I have told you about it and thanked you."

"You owe me a great deal," asked she in surprise; "why, how can that be?"

"Well," he answered, "you remember the morning we walked down together and you left me and went into the church? I had become rather careless; in fact, I had almost given up the practice of my religion. But your little act, so simply performed, awoke in my heart a desire for better things, and the next morning I also went into the church. After that I made my daily visit like yourself, and soon returned to my duties and, I need not tell you, to peace and joy of heart. If everyone were as courageous as you, how soon the world would be better!"

Ah!" thought Miss Blake, "how little he knows what a coward I really am and how dreadfully I was tempted that morning to pass by. It was the grace of God made me go in."

"I determined then to be what I was capable of being—a good woman. But the men I met would not let me. They all told me I was too pretty to be good. I am pretty, I know, and I am educated and accustomed to the good things of life. If I have erred it has been a frailty of the flesh not a badness of the heart. All this I explained to Mr. Brand, and he professed to think as I did—that it is only the heart and the soul that count after all."—*Chicago Herald*.

This is the sort of rot found in the Sunday papers without one word of comment to correct the false views of morality it is calculated to impress upon young, inexperienced minds. What Catholic reading do you keep in your home as an antidote against such poison? Or don't you care?

Don't call medieval people serfs. All the basic legislation of our liberties was laid in the Middle Ages. Magna Charta was signed, the first English Parliament was held, the English Common Law was framed, and the great principle, "No taxation without representation," was formulated some three centuries before the Middle Ages closed.—Dr. Walsh in the *Catholic Mind*.

If you associate with the devil in your waking hours you cannot expect the angels to visit you in your dreams.—*Weyauwega Chronicle*.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE MISSING R IN EDUCATION

President Hopkins of Dartmouth College recently said: "Our youth is growing up to conditions which never before existed. We must have a reappraisal of our educational institutions. Education must have a moral base. Learning or the pursuits of knowledge are entirely unmoral. The educator should not sharpen the wits and train the mind, unless he also supplies the balance wheel and the motor power to supply a moral control over that education."

This much about "our youth".

Dr. Butler of Columbia University speaks unflatteringly of many educators so-called:

"It is humiliating and painful," he says, "to find with increasing frequency, and in different parts of the country, men in distinguished academic posts who choose to act in utter disregard of the plainest dictates of ethics and good conduct."

OUR SCHOOLS FROM THE OUTSIDE

The Governor of the State of Idaho, Mr. M. Alexander, a Protestant wrote as follows, some months ago:

"I am not a Catholic and I know very little about the Catholic religion, but I can tell you that I live across the street from a Catholic school for girls in Boise, and 300 feet from a Catholic Hospital,—both institutions being in charge of a Catholic Order of Sisters, and they are the best neighbors I have ever had, and I have backed up my belief in the Sisters by sending my own children to their school, for I believe, their teaching and example inspire the highest ideals of womanhood of any school of our land."

Billy Sunday is quoted in the New York press as having payed the following tribute to the Catholic Church in one of his sermons:

"The Catholics are right when they say: 'Give us the children until they are ten years old and we don't care who has them after that.' The Catholics are not losing any sleep over the loss of men and women from their church-membership. It is the only church that ever showed

us the sensible way to reach the masses: by getting hold of the children."

CROSS AND FLAG

An anti-clerical journal of Italy—L'Italia—published the following statement in a recent issue:

"Of the 750 Jesuits in the French army, 112 were killed, 20 taken prisoners, and 48 were wounded; there are still 528 in active service, of whom 50 are higher officers, over 160 minor officers, so much for efficiency; and as to bravery, enough to say that in all, for 528 enlisted men, there were bestowed 490 decorations or distinctions.

"What party or group of men, or club, or lodge, can claim similar distinction in its devotion to country? Out of 100 persons 93 were decorated or honored. That indeed is Jesuitical! Nothing more need be said."

And still some say the Catholic Religion is destructive of patriotism.

EVEN HEALTHY!

Who would have thought it! Yet it is a noted scientist, Dr. Theo. B. Hyslop, who tells us in all seriousness and scientifically:

"As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

Then what if your trousers are a little baggy at the knees!

THE REWARD

The charming legend thou perchance hast read,
Of ancient monk who tasting Heaven's delight,
In bliss ecstatic thought a day had fled
So great the bliss that marked an age's flight.

Thus e'en to thee life's fleeting golden years
Shall seem as days in their felicity.
But, O the joy, for, their brief sighs and tears,
Outlasting time, shall span eternity.

—J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

Jesus remains forever the corner stone of human society—*Pius X.*

PILATE

Pilate said: "Behold, I, having examined him before you, find no cause in this man. * * * I will chastise Him therefore and release Him." Oh, the wretched inconsistency of the moral coward! If he found Jesus guilty, he should have condemned Him to death; if he found Him innocent, he should have dismissed Him unharmed. He dared do neither. "I find no cause in Him, I will chastise Him therefore and let Him go." His base compromise neither saved his own conscience nor satisfied the Jews.

The world today is filled with Pilates. They dare not keep God's law for fear of what people will say; they dare not break it for fear of God's anger. They try a compromise, but succeed no better than Pilate. Their guilty conscience reproaches them for going too far; the corrupt world despises them for not going far enough.

PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL

Everytime we meet one of these too-sure Catholics, we are reminded of St. Peter. "You should desist from that style of dancing. You should not indulge in those long, lonely meetings. You should resist your affectionate impulses. Those things are dangerous for you. They will lead you to commit a grievous offence against God. Learn from the sad experience of others." "Oh, Father, there is no danger for *me*; I would not do anything wrong for the world!"

Our Lord warned Peter. But Peter wouldn't heed the warning either. He knew *he* was strong enough to go through the danger without injury to his soul. "Though all the world deny Thee, yet will I never deny Thee." That night before the cock crew twice he had thrice denied the Saviour. Those who follow Peter in his presumptuous self-sufficiency, will sooner or later, follow him in his fall and his bitter regret.

IT IS, OR IT ISN'T

"Another anti-Christian novel is out." "That's ordinary," you say. "But it has been reviewed by a professedly fervent Christian, and instead of condemning it, he recommends it, actually recommends it. Here are his words. 'Thus, although I firmly believe this a dia-

bolical novel, I think it will prove of service to Christianity. I know it has done me good.' " "Quite ordinary!" you say. "Freedom of speech, you know! We must not coerce the judgment. Read both sides. Truth will prevail."

"If that principle is sound why do not the practical, clear-sighted men in the government and the army follow it in practice? Why do they not allow civilians and soldiers to read the literature, the arguments and the charges, the facts and the lies, published by the enemy?" "Ah, you know we are at war. The welfare of the country is at stake. Some whose patriotism is wavering might be made disloyal." "Yes, but are we not likewise at war with the devil? Is not the welfare of immortal souls at stake? May not some whose belief in Christianity is wavering become apostates? O consistency, thou art a jewel!"

ALBION

One can scarcely read the papers these days without scenting an ugly conspiracy to discredit the Irish for their opposition to compulsory conscription into the British armies. How anybody, who understands and upholds American ideals, can honestly blame the Irish for this is a puzzle. American ideals are freedom and fair play. How would we Americans act if a stronger nation should presume to force us to join her in a war, be it ever so just, without so much as asking whether we were willing to do so? Yet this is precisely what the English nation is trying to do to the Irish nation. For, mark well, England and Ireland are two distinct nations, and two distinct nations they will remain, though Albion repeat every act of brutal injustice of which she has been guilty towards her weaker neighbor during the past four hundred years.

HEART TO HEART

When we are sad and lonely, strangers and exiles in our own home-land, famishing for a little share of the affection which those around us lavish on one another, is there no heart in all the world to love us? When we are in disgrace, our sincerity questioned, our motives mis-apprehended, our faults magnified, and our weakness dubbed malice, is there no heart to understand us—to pity—to excuse—to forgive? When we fail, our best efforts thwarted, our fondest hopes blasted,

our most cherished ideals shattered, is there no heart to listen to our bitter story of defeat, to save us from despair and steel us for renewed effort? When affliction comes—the destruction of a life-friendship, the death of a loved one, the loss of all we hold dear—when affliction comes and crushes us to earth, is there no heart to lift up our bruised and broken spirit, to pour balm into our fresh-smarting wounds, so to guide us through the furnace of pain that its fierce flames work not our destruction but our purification?

Aye, such a heart there is,—the Heart that was broken with grief and pierced by a lance for each one of us, the Heart that is throbbing day and night in the tabernacle with love for each one of us,—the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ our Divine Lover.

NO SLACKER

June 24 is the Feast of St. John the Baptist—a fitting day for us to examine our consciences regarding how far we are accustomed to sacrifice duty to human respect. The Baptist saw that it was his duty publicly to condemn the scandalous conduct of King Herod: he did it without a tremor, though it cost him his head. And we—perhaps we are frightened into doing what we should not by the sneer of a companion or a frown of the “boss”. The next time we are tempted to be cowards to duty and traitors to God for fear of what people will say, let us picture to ourselves the head of St. John the Baptist severed by the executioner because he had not feared to do right. ‘Tis a flabby heart that will not give off a spark of manly courage at such a sight.

GOD LOVES A MAN

Our Lord loves a manly man. Such a man was John the Baptist—not an atom of vanity or cowardice or weakness or self-seeking or sensuality in his whole makeup. Mark the note of, we may say, triumphant pride with which the Saviour refers to the sterling qualities of his Precursor: “What went ye out into the desert to see? a reed shaken by the wind? But what went ye out to see? a man clothed in soft garments? . . . Amen, I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist.”

THE MISSIONARY

Imbued with love divine,
Immortal souls thy quest,
All things thou dost resign,
Of what earth prizes best.

Preaching by deed and word,
The Savior Crucified;
Warring, the Faith thy sword,
'Gainst aught to sin allied.

Fearless, dost lift thy voice,
To call the sheep that roam;
Making all Heaven rejoice
At the prodigal come home.

Thy joy of joys through life,
To claim the erring one;
Thy sweet hope 'mid the strife,
To hear some day: "Well done!"

—*Catherine Hayes.*

Who can fail to see that society is at the present time, more than in any past age, suffering from a terrible and deep-rooted malady which, developing every day and eating into its inmost being, is dragging it to destruction? This disease is apostasy from God.—*Pius X.*

We are loath to pain their gentle hearts, but we must needs warn the "Drys" to be prepared to meet an occasional drunken man even after the passage of nation-wide prohibition. A prisoner in close confinement in the penitentiary of this state distilled enough whiskey to satisfy his thirst by means of two bottles and a few filched potatoes.

We find in this century [the thirteenth] a harmony of power, a universality of endowment, a glow, an inspiring ambition and confidence, such as we never find in later centuries.—*Frederic Harrison.*

One seventh of her population has thus far been Ireland's contribution to the man power of the allied cause. Until we have one-seventh of our population in the field, that is seven million men, it ill becomes us to criticize Ireland for her opposition to conscription.

An enterprising rector is contemplating having the collection box passed around during divine service. He says there is nothing like it to make his parishioners keep their gaze fixed on their prayer books.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION

Writing on the crying need of stemming the flood of crime which inundates our land, Thomas Speed Mosby, the celebrated criminologist, says: "I find little to hope for in further extension of the suffrage. . . . There are voters enough and to spare. What we need to do is to increase the quality of the suffrage; not its quantity. . . . Nations have seldom lost their liberties in the shock of battle. Babylon had fallen long before she saw the handwriting on the wall. . . . No barbarous Goth was necessary to complete the extinction of Roman liberty. And so it has ever been. The decay of a nation, like that of an oak, begins at its heart. When the symptoms become plainly visible, it is usually too late to apply the remedy."

Flummery? Superstition? Idol-worship? I've listened to beetle-browed professors with dirty collars and broad minds and to unshaven, round-shouldered youths spitting forth great new ideas of the melting-pot and the fusing of nations, the social millenium and the brotherhood of man; I have heard them industriously impugning the motives of patriots, poking their pipe stems into the private lives of presidents, eager to release the fetid breath of long-forgotten scandal-mongers, leaving a trail of slime across the flag—all to demonstrate a brave independence of thought. I am glad, in the crisis that faces us, that they cannot crawl under the colors of freedom and hide, while the clean-cut sons of our heroic dead go forth to fight their battles.—*Scribner.*

One of the cheapest arguments against any cause is a mean attack upon the private life of its supporters. It is generally a proof that there is no more solid argument to be advanced, or that the scandal-mongers have not enough intellect to grasp it, if it exists.

It [Madge Mears' new novel] is a neatly contrived personal and social snarl in which there is a great deal of plain talk such as would have crimsoned the cheeks of even the most hoydenish women readers of times past.—*Review.*

It is little to the credit of the women of times present if it takes filthier talk to crimson their cheeks than those of their sisters in times past. A blush is the banner of Christian modesty. If they thought of this they would not be so hasty in hauling down the flag.

Heard on the train: "Every boy that I used to know has gone to the army. At a party now there is nobody to dance with but married men!" Comment: A little more self-restraint in the matter of dancing and parties is to be desired from both girls and married men: it will better accord with the exigencies of war time and with loyalty to the lads who are sacrificing their lives for our common country.

	Catholic Events	
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Msgr. Barnes, a chaplain in the British army, said in an address at Notre Dame: England will declare Pope Benedict Protector of the Holy Shrines of Palestine. The British Government has selected the men of an Irish Catholic regiment as guards outside the places sanctified by the life and death of Christ.

* * *

On Ascension Thursday Archbishop Messmer ordained three Redemptorists at Oconomowoc. They are Father Berg of Milwaukee, Father Kippels of St. Paul, and Father Pregenzer of Chicago.

* * *

The charity and energy of Msgr. Deploige brought about, at Lourdes, the erection of several home-like dwellings, called Rest Houses, for Belgian soldiers. Now we learn that similar provisions have been made for American soldiers in the neighborhood of the world renowned shrine and that many of our boys have enjoyed the hospitality thus afforded.

* * *

Roman dispatches tell of the appointment of a high Church dignitary to represent the Pope in Poland and to help to bring aid and comfort to that bleeding country.

* * *

Miss Pershing was struck with admiration when she watched the boys at Camp Dodge going to Confession in a K. of C. building. She declared that they were just the type of men her brother needs "over there".

* * *

Father Hayden, a K. of C. chaplain at Camp Sevier, was in bed after an operation when he learned that one of the boys was seriously sick and that no other priest was at hand. Father Hayden immediately gave orders to be carried on a stretcher to the bedside of the dying soldier.

* * *

Bishop Gorman, lately appointed to the See of Boise, was consecrated May 1 by Archbishop Keane of Dubuque.

* * *

An interesting event is reported from Enniscorthy, Ireland. A venerable community of Irish nuns, who long ago took refuge in Ypres and who have in turn been obliged to leave Ypres and take refuge in Ireland, have there installed a new Mother Abbess. In accordance with their ancient and unique ritual, she was invested with ring, crozier, and pastoral staff.

* * *

The influence of the K. of C. is indeed becoming world-wide. Latest reports say that Spain will make Columbus Day, October 12, a national holiday.

It is encouraging to read of the advance made with the proposal to erect a colossal electric lighted statue of "Christ Enlightening the World" on top of McMahon Hall, University Grounds, Washington.

* * *

For those who would like to know what their priest friends are doing in the Military Training Camps for Chaplains, we quote: 6:30—Setting-up exercises. 7:00—Breakfast. 7:30—Drill. 9:00—Class in international law. 10:00—Military law. 11:00—Army customs and regulations. 12:00—Mess. 1:30—Care of horses and riding. 3:00—Hygiene. 4:00—Recreation and organization. 5:00—Supper. 6:00—Section conference. 8:00 to 10:00—Study.

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The chronic slacker, who pleads for his niggardliness by saying that it is wasteful to give to private Catholic charities instead of supporting the poor by public city organizations, will find his ammunition stolen when he reads the report of A. E. Smith, President of the board of New York aldermen. Mr. Smith states that the city pays fifty cents for every dollar it distributes in charity. Compare this with the meagre amount required by the self-sacrificing nuns who conduct our institutions of mercy.

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At a meeting of the Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus the Supreme Knight announced that twenty-eight millions would be necessary to carry on their work for the soldiers until July, 1919. An immense sacrifice will be required to supply this sum. But when we consider what the Knights are doing for the souls of the best and bravest of our land, we will make the sacrifice and make it gladly.

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It is a pleasure to be able to say of any public man after his death, as we can say of the late Senator Stone, that he once encountered defeat rather than yield to the demands of bigotry. The A. P. A.s demanded that he recall the nomination of a Kansas City official because the man was a Catholic. He replied: "If I had the slightest hesitation to appoint the man whom you are opposing, I know now what to do. I would violate my sworn duties as Governor if I allowed myself to share your views." He was defeated in the next election.

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Bishop Dougherty, formerly of the Philippines Islands, and more recently of Albany, has been appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia.

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Six Sisters of Charity are included in the Hospital Unit of Loyola University assigned to work in Italy. This will come as a surprise to the Italians who have been so much pestered by meddling Protestant proselytizers from America.

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While in Chicago Mr. McAdoo visited Archbishop Mundelein to thank him in the name of the Government for his efficient work for the Third Liberty Loan.

Richard Bagot made the statement that the Papal Secretary of State had an understanding with the socialists and some Freemason to work for a separate peace between Italy and Austria. The Cardinal sent a telegram to England saying: "I challenge him to produce a single proof of this absurd statement."

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Cardinal Van Rossum, a Redemptorist, recently appointed Prefect of Propaganda, has been made President of the Pontifical Seminary of St. Peter and St. Paul for Foreign Missions.

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Bishop Fallon of London, Ont., who has been in charge of the appointment of chaplains for the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, has been requested by the army heads to make a personal visit to the Canadian armies in France.

* * *

A soldier from Camp Cody writes: "I have been doing temporary duty in the office of the base hospital . . . Just as soon as a man is admitted to a ward the number of the ward is placed on a card and his 'religion' right aside of it. If he is at all dangerously ill, then the chaplain of his belief is notified at once.

* * *

Mr. Goldstein, convert and ex-socialist, and a party of speakers are touring the west in the autovan of the Catholic Truth Guild. They are doing an immense amount of good in bringing home the truth to misinformed minds by lecturing, answering questions, and distributing literature.

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In accordance with a request which Father Tracy made shortly before his death, the recitation of the rosary by eighty priests took the place of a funeral sermon.

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A dispatch to the Maasbode of Amsterdam from Cologne states that, as a result of mediation by the Pope, the Kaiser has ordered that no more Belgian church bells shall be seized.

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The Papal Secretary of State last month received Henry P. Davison, chairman of the American Red Cross War Council, and congratulated him on the splendid development of the organization and the magnificent charitable work it is accomplishing everywhere.

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Rome has decreed that a new diocese, to be known as the diocese of Lafayette, be created in territory belonging to the archdiocese of New Orleans.

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The protests of the Catholics of Denver obliged a Scotch protestant chaplain, who had assailed the war policy of the Holy Father, to cancel his engagements in that city.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wia.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

I recently gave my pastor a stipend to say an anniversary Mass for a deceased relative. He said the Mass in white vestments. Should he not have used black?

There are many days throughout the year when the rules of the Church do not allow the priest to use black vestments but require red or white or some other color. But the color of the vestments does not affect the value of the Holy Sacrifice or its beneficial effect for the souls in Purgatory.

Why is your magazine called "the Liguorian"?

Because Liguori was the family name of St. Alphonsus who founded the Redemptorist Order.

Is cruelty to animals a sin?

Certainly. This however, is not because such cruelty is an act of injustice towards the animals—not being rational beings, they can have neither rights nor duties—but because such cruelty is against the order established by God who has given us the lower creatures for our reasonable use. But the infliction of unnecessary pain upon them does not satisfy any necessary need of man. Furthermore, cruelty to the animals disposes man to cruelty towards his fellow men.

How many venial sins does it take to make a mortal sin?

Strictly speaking, the mere multiplication of venial sins will never constitute a mortal sin for the reason that mortal sins and venial sins are of an entirely different nature and the mere addition of things of one nature will never constitute a thing of a different nature.

However, in a certain sense, a number of venial sins may be said to make a mortal sin and that is when the material in regard to which the venial sins are committed grows together or coalesces until it forms sufficiently grave matter for mortal sin. Thus, to steal a dollar would, under ordinary circumstances, be a venial sin. But if a person committed this sin a number of times, he would actually be stealing a number of dollars and, as this matter

is serious, he would be guilty of mortal sin. Similarly, if a person eats a mouthful of food outside of what is permitted on fast days, he commits only a venial sin. But if he does this a number of times on the same fast day, he will actually have consumed a notable quantity of food beyond what is permitted and will thus be guilty of mortal sin.

It should also be borne in mind that numerous venial sins dispose the soul to commit mortal sin, because they weaken the will and strengthen the passions and diminish the flow of God's graces. Thus, when a serious temptation occurs, the weakened soul succumbs, according to the words of Holy Scripture, "He who despises little things, shall gradually fall" (Eccl. XIX, 1). Therefore, if you are in earnest about your eternal salvation, you will not merely try to avoid every mortal sin, but will also earnestly endeavor to overcome the habits of venial sin.

Why are candles placed around the body of a dead person?

The candles which the Catholic Church and her faithful children place about the remains of the departed may be considered as symbolic of the light which our holy faith sheds over the dark region of death. Without faith, death would indeed be a dark and terrible affair. But Jesus Christ has robbed death of its bitterness, so that St. Paul could say: "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ." It is related that St. Charles Borromeo commissioned an artist to paint a picture of death for the walls of the episcopal palace. The artist drew the picture of a hideous monster armed with a scythe. But St. Charles rejected this design and made him paint a beautiful angel with a golden key to show that death was but the entrance to a better life.

What is meant by mental prayer?

Literally mental prayer means prayer of the mind. It is therefore prayer which is not vocal, that is, not uttered by the lips, but made silently in the mind and heart. The term mental

prayer is also often used to designate a special form of prayer also known as meditation. Meditation consists in an application of the mind to the consideration of some truth or fact of religion in order to arouse the proper sentiments and resolutions in our will and to excite us to ask God for the graces we need and thus to enable us to lead a good and holy life. There are various ways or methods of meditating described and advocated by different spiritual writers. Thus we have the method of St. Ignatius and the method of St. Alphonsus.

It is morally impossible for a person to save his soul without some meditation. For a life of perfection meditation is absolutely necessary. Those who wish to lead such a life will therefore make themselves familiar with some method of meditation and devote a certain time each day to this salutary exercise which St. Alphonsus calls a blessed fire that inflames souls with divine love.

Are there any Redemptorist nuns, as there are Franciscan and Dominican nuns?

There is an order of nuns known as the Redemptoristines. We quote from the Catholic Encyclopedia the following account of this order. "The cradle of the Redemptoristines is, Scala, not far from Amalfi, Italy. Father Thomas Falcoia, of the Congregation Pii Operarii (Pious Workers), formed a community of nuns there and gave them a rule. Later he became Bishop of Castellamare. He was director of St. Alphonsus when a new rule was said to have been revealed to Sister Maria Celeste Crosterosa. The bishop favored the rule and asked Alphonsus to give the nuns the spiritual exercises and to organize the community as he judged best for the glory of God. The saint disposed them for the observance of the new rule by meditation on the life and virtues of Christ. The details of their daily life were to commemorate phases of his life. Zeal was to be exercised by prayer, each day of the week being devoted to an object affecting the well-being of the Church. They were to pray in an especial manner for the apostolic works of the Redemptorists. The habit is deep red, and the scapular and choir-mantle blue. The institute began on 23 May, 1731. A second monastery was founded by St. Alphon-

sus, when bishop, in his episcopal city, St. Agatha of the Goths. Nearly a hundred years after the foundation at Scala, the Ven. Joseph Passerat sent two ladies, Mlle. Eugenie Dijon and the Countess Welsersheim, to St. Agatha to learn the rule and spirit of the Redemptoristines. They received the habit at Rome from Cardinal Odescalchi. They founded houses at Vienna and Bruges. Convents of the Institute now exist in Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Holland, Ireland, England, the Tyrol, Spain, and Canada. The rule was approved by Benedict XIV in 1750."

Is it a sin to hate the Kaiser during this war?

Since the law of our divine Savior requires us to love even our enemies, it is surely wrong to hate the Kaiser and his subjects. This however does not mean that we may not condemn their actions or that we may not desire their defeat in the war and do all in our power to bring that defeat about.

What is the real meaning of the second commandment when it says that we must not take the name of God in vain?

Literally the commandment in question forbids the idle or useless employment of the divine name. But you will remember from your Catechism that it also includes the prohibition of blasphemy and perjury and of the violation of oaths and vows and also positively requires us to give praise and honor to God by our words.

I have heard that there is no use in our praying to the poor souls in purgatory. Is this true?

Some theologians think that the souls in purgatory are not able to pray for us, others say that, though able to pray for us, they do not know our special needs and are not aware of our prayers to them. But on the other hand, many good theologians hold opposite doctrines and the practice of praying to the poor souls is quite common among the faithful. St. Alphonsus says: "So the souls in purgatory, being beloved by God and confirmed in grace, have absolutely no impediment to prevent them from praying for us. Still the Church does not invoke them or implore their intercession, because ordinarily they have no knowledge of our prayers. But we may piously believe that God makes known our prayers to them."

	Some Good Books	
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"The Villa Rossignol." By Maria Longworth Storer. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00.

The duties of wife and mother demand a spirit of self-sacrifice that is daily fading away in a pleasure-seeking world. The Catholic Church, says modern society, has held woman enthralled long enough. This age of progress, is her age of freedom. In the "Villa Rossignol," Maria Longworth Storer depicts a group of characters who sneer at Christian marriage, claim to find in the Turkish Harem, and Eastern voluptuousness the elevation of woman, and "a love that stirs the higher senses and makes for good wives and devoted mothers".

The reader is aroused in the first chapter by the suicides of Lord Coverdale, and is held in suspense even to the last chapter. The characters move in the world of to-day and bear the stamp of real life. Edith Ashton is a lovely character whose innocent charm and deep religious feeling contrast vividly with the languid sentimentalism and morbid materialism of "Lotty Ford" and Diane de Rouchy, while the manliness of Jack Ashton puts to shame the degrading traffic of Abdul the Turk.

The style is delightful. Frequent flashes of humor and touches of French conversation enrich the narrative, and give variety to the many beautiful descriptions. Dramatic scenes such as Edith's escape are woven into the plot with striking effect.

The author shows a deep insight into human nature, and conveys in her book the sound moral lesson, that the world without God, is a world of degradation and vice.

Religious Profession. A Commentary on a Chapter of the New Code of Canon Law. By Hector Papi, S. J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, N. Y. \$1.50.

This is a timely little volume. The new Code of Canon Law which became obligatory on May 19, 1918, abrogates all the rules and constitutions of religious institutes which are contrary to its canons. Accordingly a religious profession, even though made in accordance with an unrevised rule, would be invalid if an essential requirement

of the new Code were not observed. It is therefore highly important that religious superiors should have an accurate knowledge of the new canons on profession. This they can obtain from Father Papi's book.

After explaining the nature of religious profession, the author takes up the pertinent canons in a good order. An English translation follows each canon. The commentary is clear, accurate and not longer than necessary. Marginal notes facilitate reference to the work.

However we think an explanation of compulsion, serious fear and deception (canon 572 § 1, 4) should have been given, whereas what is said of sufficient knowledge of essentials for profession might better have been omitted. It is not only open to dispute in theory, but might easily cause useless doubts and anxieties. In order to avoid a contradiction in can. 572 § 2 and can. 577 § 2, we think the latter should be interpreted as having reference to the renovation of temporary vows only, and not to the taking of perpetual vows. A comparison with can. 575 would likewise suggest this interpretation. Likewise the day on which perpetual vows can be taken might have been more definitely determined according to can. 34 § 3, 5^o. The author himself seems to doubt whether the Code allows religious of simple vows to add their revenues to their capital. Would not can. 6, 4^o then be applicable?

Canons 1315 and 2352 might have been mentioned without impairing the unity of the work.

Jesus in the Eucharist. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R. B. Herder Book Co.

This is a reprint soon to appear of Father Girardey's articles in the Liguorian. It is the author's purpose to excite in his readers a lively faith as a means of increasing love and devotion to Jesus Christ in the Eucharist and thus induce many to the practice of daily Communion, Mass and visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The chapters on Daily Communion and on the Communion of Children will be of special value to the catechist.

Lucid Intervals

A very pretty but extremely slender girl entered a street car and managed to seat herself in a very narrow space between two men. Presently a portly colored mammy entered the car, and the pretty miss, thinking to humiliate the men for their lack of gallantry, arose.

"Aunty," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat."

"Thank you, missy," replied the colored woman, smiling broadly, "but which gen'man's lap was you sittin' on?"

"A train leaves New York," supposed the teacher, "traveling forty miles an hour. It is followed thirty minutes later by a train traveling eighty miles an hour. At what point will the second train run into the first?"

The class seemed at a loss; that is all except Willie Green, who was standing in the aisle vigorously wagging his hand.

"Well, Willie?" said the teacher.

"At the hind end of the rear car, ma'am," answered Willie.

"Fust time you've ever milked a cow, is it?" said Uncle Josh to his visiting nephew. "Well, y' do it a durn sight better'n most city fellers do."

"It seems to come natural somehow," said the youth, flushing with pleasure. "I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen."

The following extract from a letter of thanks is cherished by its recipient:

The beautiful clock you sent us came in perfect condition, and is now in the parlor on top of the book-shelves, where we hope to see you soon, and your husband, also, if he can make it convenient.

A woman slipt a dime into her glove on her left hand. She would be at the subway in a moment and the dime so placed would facilitate matters. As she passed the foot of the bridge extension by the City Hall the ring of a coin as it struck the pavement reached her ears. She saw a dime rolling at her feet.

A fat man, subway bound, also heard and saw it. Both stopt to pick it up. She was first. His hand only fanned the dust from the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he straightened up, rather red in the face.

"Not at all," she said. "I thank you for your courtesy." Then she hurried down the stairs.

Seated in an express train, her gloved hand involuntarily went up to her hair. A dime dropt in her lap. Then she understood.

Outside, the fat man slowly closed his mouth. Then he hit Broadway in a northerly direction.

"What name are you calling?" asked the telephone-girl over the wire.

"McCohan," the customer answered.

"I beg pardon?" asked the girl.

The man repeated it.

The wire was silent for a moment, then the girl said: "Wait a moment, please. I think the wires are crossed."

The Stranger—"Do the people who live across the road from you, Rastus, keep chickens?"

Rastus—"Dey keeps some of 'em, sah."

The editor was dying, says an exchange, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! circulation almost gone!" the dying editor sat up and shouted: "You're a liar; we have the largest circulation in the country."

A lath! I quite a door you, dear;
I've hallways loved your laughter.
Oh, window you intend to grant
The wish my hopes are rafter?

When first I sawyer smile 'twas plane
I wood re-joice to marry;
Oh, let us to the joiner's lie
Nor longer shingle tarry!

And now that I have axed your, dear,
Plumb, square, and on the level
(I've always wanted 2-by-4),
Don't spile hope's happy revel.

The cornice is waving, Peggy, dear
The gables all are ringing;
Why let me pine?—for, oh, you know
I'm sawdust when I'm singin'!